

The Agitator.

"Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."—JESUS.

"Such is the irresistible nature of Truth, that all it asks, and all it wants is the liberty of appearing."—THOMAS PAINE.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO, APRIL 15, 1859.

WHOLE No. 25²⁶

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SPRING.

BY CORA WILBURN.

The radiant portals of the spirit land
Unclose to music; regal, fair, and meek,
An angel passeth thence, with starlit brow,
Swiftly descending to our darkened world.
Spirit of light and poesy! that brings
Back to sad hearts the freshness of their youth,
With love lit dreams of happiness and heaven
We welcome thee, with gratitude and song!

The lyre-chords of sweet Nature's heart vibrate
To thy inspiring melodies, all fraught
With Spiritual grandeur, peace and love,
Promise and glory, life and joy divine,
Heart breathings from the spirit's inmost shrine.
The rainbow visions of the past resume,
Not their illusive splendor, but the beam
Of heavenly light and coloring; the charms
Of fancy wedded to unfolded Truth.

Thy seeking worshipers thine altars find
Decked in supernal beauty; angels tend
The growth of the immortal blooms of soul;
The gems of mind, enshrined with guerdin care,
Quiver and flash in music on the air,
From every flower, from every blade of grass
A tone of knowledge speaks, a whisper low
Of truth, and promise; echoes from afar
Breathe of immortal life, of endless love
Tell of the nearness of the Spirit's home.

The wild-wood choristers, the leaflet's dance,
The fragrant winds, the sunblest river's flow,
The anthem of old ocean, and the prayer
Of hearts enfranchised from the bonds of creed,
All bless thee, rare and life-bestowing Spring!
Thou comest with thy treasure—laden bands,
Scattering thy wealth of increase o'er the earth,
With sapphire skies, and golden vistas, through
The forest's depths, into the land of dreams;
Leading the captive soul invoking thee.

Thou smile of God! thou music part of Heaven!
Descending from the portals of the blest!
Thou royal-browed, yet meek and lowly one!
What fitting tribute can we give to thee
Spirit of life and immortality!
We give to thee our hearts; and pray the rest
With all thy dreams and glories, joys and truths
In our souls sanctuary; that henceforth shall be
Illumined by thy presence; never more
The winter's ice shall bind, the chilling fear
Of superstition fashion phantoms there
To chase the angels from their resting place.

Come dwell with us henceforth! our souls shall be
Homes for the Beautiful, the loved, and thee!
Philadelphia, March 26, 1859.

FREEDOM.

In the great feast of Freedom all men share,
Whose lives unfold in harmony with truth.
Joy, beauty, inspiration, deathless youth.
Pure poet-vision, prophet sight, and skill
To shape inferior natures to their will,
And love so deep the soul may gaze into
A golden ocean blended with the blue,
And see therein an endless beauty-maze
Where the celestial sun reflected plays;
And gladness, like a rainbow that ascends,
And all the radiant being overbends;
And endless-growing virtues, summer-sweet,
Rich as the fruits immortal angels eat—
All these to Freedom's followers are given;
They are the loved of God and theirs is truth's own
heaven.

T. L. HARRIS

AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

WRITINGS OF THE LATE JOHN ALLEN.

Mrs. B.—By permission of Mrs. Allen, a few of the papers of our deceased Brother, have come into my possession. I was anxious that this should be so, that I might prepare his sociatistic and reform papers for publication. But I am disappointed in finding so little written upon these topics among his literary remains. I am informed that of late years he was unaccustomed to writing upon themes which he discussed so ably before public audiences. We must console ourselves as well as we can at the great loss which the friends of reform have sustained in his death, in not having his thoughts left upon paper.

The following seems to have been a report of a committee, of which he was chairman, "upon the false social relations existing in our civilization. It contains a statement in his own forcible language and style of presentation. Whether it was ever submitted or not does not appear, nor is the place indicated where the Congress was held. I think it worth publication in full in your heroic Agitator.

A. G.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

Your Committee find it impossible to do any sort of justice to the question of the false and social relations, in the short time that can be allotted to the subject at this session of the Industrial Congress. The changes required to organize a perfect social state, are so radical and entire, that weeks instead of a few hours would hardly suffice to point out the inherent evils of existing society—to indicate their methods of removal, or the necessary means of realizing the blessings of perfect fraternity and freedom. It is, in fact, the question of the destiny of man on earth. Passing, therefore, without notice the higher aspects of the subject, we call your attention to the first practical work that presents itself to this Congress, as we view society from the single stand-point of industry.

Fraud, oppression, conflict, ignorance and crime are legitimate results of the present social regime. In every civilized nation under heaven, the evils of poverty increase in the same ratio that industry is perfected, and the sources of wealth developed.—The world's brave workers and patient producers, are the dishonored serfs of wealth, which their own hands have created, and are starved for need of bread, which their own industry has planted, and their own sweat watered. The professed Commonwealth is an unnatural and capricious parent to her children.

She predestinates, for her own glory, a favored few to enjoyment of unearned wealth and unmerited honor, and through her sovereign good pleasure, condemns the remainder to suffer the pains of unrequited toil and eternal neglect. Civilization is a social lottery wherein the managers secure the golden prizes, and by a wheel of fortune, which they direct most disinterestedly, award the blanks

to their duped supporters. The practical question presenting itself for our solution at this time is, therefore, "*How do the industrial classes suffer from the present social organization, and what means can be employed for the restoration of their violated rights? How shall justice be done to labor, and liberty in production, reciprocity in exchange and equality in consumption be secured to all?*"

False social relations must be abrogated—selfish competition give place to fraternal co-operation and fraud and anarchy be superseded by justice and order. That this is not an over-statement, will appear plain when we consider the *causes of our social evils*.

I. The exploitation of Labor, and the spoliation of the social body, by FALSE COMMERCE.

Its methods are—

1st. A fictitious credit, exorbitant usury, corporate and individual banking. Industry is the creator of all wealth, and production the only true basis of credit. The useful are only to be trusted. The Laborer is the true banker; his wealth is no fiction. Work establishes the price current of life. Toil is the just bill of exchange. Banks have no such basis of credit. Their circulating medium is an uncertain promise to pay, a counterfeit sign of real worth. Pecuniary confidence is thus destroyed and credit made so expensive that honest labor, cannot afford to support it. The circulating medium, such as it is, therefore, is chiefly taken out of their hands. Speculators and bankers are allowed to monopolize credit, to exact exorbitant usury for their paper promises and the people are spoliated by banks and bankruptcy. Those who are granted the privilege of making money without being required to produce its value, are thus given the power to monopolize the soil and machinery, the sources of wealth, and the means of life. They are endowed, therefore, with the power to oppress labor, to make fraudulent distributions of its results and to levy a tariff on consumption, which condemns the masses to comparative poverty and want.

2d. Other methods of exploitation upon labor are experienced in the duplicity, the fraud, and adulterations which are the eternal characteristics of civilized commerce. It is almost an impossibility for a laboring man to sell or purchase an article without being cheated and defrauded. The merchant augments immeasurably the price of merchandise without adding anything to its real value. The necessities of others are his opportunities.—The temptation and the rule is to buy cheap, adulterate, and sell dear. Commerce as now organized is at once the most complicated and expensive—the most vicious and fraudulent. Labor must be guaranteed reciprocity in exchange, and credit at cost or spoliation and robbery cannot be avoided.

II. Another means of despoiling the industrial classes is found in the conflict between capital and labor, creating the necessity for the system of

wages—slavery, which increases its robberies and intensifies its tyranny in the ratio of the alleged progress of civilization. Wealth, the creature, enslaves man the creator. It robs him of his right to toil, except as the supple instrument of another's will, the obedient "hand" of another's head, the productive tool of another's power and possession. It unmans man and makes him a dishonored beast of burden, a cringing suppliant for bread from the very storehouse his own hands have filled.

III. Another cause of social evil exists in the antagonism of classes and selfish competition of workmen in each of their respective trades. As wealth accumulates in the hands of the few, as corporative power and organizations of capital against labor increase, the number of industrial dependents are augmented and the strife and underbidding for the place and privilege of a slave, cuts down the prices of labor to starvation point. Wages are always the first to fall and the last to rise. And it ever must be so, while antagonism of interest, and the hostility of classes obtain.

IV. The last cause of suffering and evil which we would mention in this connection, is the inequality of condition, and the social oppression of women. Politically woman has no existence. In the eye of the government, she stands in the category of idiots, lunatics and slaves. Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed—is republicanism in theory—while it assumes jurisdiction over woman and gives her no voice in making the laws by which she is condemned or oppressed. Socially, woman is a mere adjective. The right of suffrage, the right of property, and equality, is denied. In the eye of the law man and woman are but *one*, and that one is the man. In man is given complete control of her property and her destiny. She must move wherever he pleases to abide, resign to him the entire management of her pecuniary resources, and the creations of her industry; and in the event of abuse and separation for protection, is even robbed of her children. Had woman an equal voice in the politics of the country, did governments in fact derive their just powers from the governed, this injustice, this oppression could never obtain. We have thus glanced at some of our false social relations and their legitimate practical results. These are evils that are "organic," and can never be removed but by social reorganization and reform. Society is at fault; and different life relations must be instituted. The remedy for the industrial evils above specified are to be found in the practice of entirely opposite principles from those which characterize our boasted civilization.

1st. Individual, industrial and social rights must be acknowledged and protected by law. Man's dominion over the elements must be again restored to him. The soil, motive power and machinery, the contributions of the world's fathers, and the creations of divine genius must be made the equal inheritance of the race of mankind. Industrial rights, the choice of occupation, and full justice for labor must be guaranteed to all. Woman must be politically, socially and pecuniarily as free as man. Independent property in marriage—half of the joint products of the combined industry and economy of the household, to be hers by legal enactment, as they are by indefeasible right; and the right to the society and guardianship of her own offspring.

2d. As a remedy for the unjust system of usury, and expensive fictitious currency which commerce has instituted and monopolized, your committee would recommend the institution of industrial banks, in connection with unitary commerce. Let there be organized in every commercial center affiliated unions, to facilitate, at the least possible expense, reciprocal exchange of industrial products and guarantee the right of equality in consumption.—

Let these establish depots of consignment and commission where every producer can find a ready market for the results of his skill and labor, and in return, be furnished with merchandise at cost prices, or a certificate of deposit which should be a bill of exchange in every commercial mart, where branch unions were established. The principles of fraternal insurance, of mutual co-operation must be applied to exchange and credit. *Cost* will then only become the limit of *price*.

3d Your Committee would also recommend the organization of Labor as it is, upon principles of united interests and joint stock property, after the manner of Associated Mechanics, of Paris; the Protective Union Bakery of New York City, and the Moulder's Industrial Association. These social changes, although far from being absolute and satisfactory, are nevertheless, practical and their benefit to a great extent may be soon realized.—Our watchword should be Fraternal Insurance—Universal Mutualism—Unity of Reforms. And although at once, we do not overcome the evils of antagonism, monopoly, poverty and oppression, with which humanity is cursed, we may set in operation the train of causes which shall elevate the laboring classes to the highest political and industrial freedom, and supercede the incoherence and caprice of our present false social relations by the Harmonies of Divine Order, and the Union of Humanity.

JOHN ALLEN.

PAPERS ON WOMAN.

NO. VI.

Woman must enlarge the sphere of her activities. She must multiply the number of her employments. Starting with the tillage of the ground, as the first occupation of all, she must devise for herself, and enter upon, a multitude of other avocations, of which she has hitherto little dreamed. The very idea of equality and oneness with Man, presupposes her catalogue of callings to be as extended as his own. The day will come, when Man and Woman will together work at *all* occupations, mutually assisting and being assisted. He will aid her in the house, that she may aid him in the fields. And it would do no great harm, now, if he should take a turn with her at the washtub, or in preparing a meal, or clearing away after one; so she might get out into the air, and not be cooped up so long in the house. It would be only justice.

There will always be light work enough, in every kind of business. No danger that Woman would have to labor harder than she does now. And the exercise would make her stronger; so that she would keep up with the labor. All beings need to do some *hard* work, every day of their lives.

Woman must seek out, and enter upon, employments which shall call out her better nature. She must elect herself to both manual, mental, and spiritual offices; and be equal to her own imagination. She must choose appropriate occupations, answering to every demand of her existence, and every capacity of her being. She must round out the full harmony of both her womanhood and humanity, by actualising in the world without, all that she is in the world within—educating the germ into life. Physique, intellect, moral organs, aspiring group, group of Art—side-head, back-head, top-head, all—every bent—Constructiveness, Ideality, energy, temperament—she must choose employment which shall give fitting action and development to all these. Especially, whatever she can explain, and her nature makes most a temptation to her, that let her go straight forward and do.

Woman is adapted to be a teacher—in many respects, better adapted than Man. And she yet will be a teacher, in the highest institutions—in the College and University. But Man in his injustice, pays her far less for teaching, than he himself receives for the same. But she must demand, and

she will obtain, the just remuneration—equal values for equal services rendered.

She is adapted to be a physician; certainly to her own sex—if they prefer her; still more eminently to the other—for opposite magnetisms best heal. Woman is a more natural nurse and physician than Man is.

She is peculiarly qualified to be a preacher of moral truth, and an inculcator of goodness and spirituality. She is better than Man; less sensual, natural, and unselfish; and more reverent, soul-inspired, upward-attracted. Her native voice is a more beautiful sermon. She will one day go forth, preaching a higher, holier, purer gospel than earth has ever heard yet.

The lecturer's field is open to invite her. On the platform, she may speak her heart, her intellect, her Reform, her integral culture, to the world. Science is the savior, and Thought is omnipotent; and in this fallow she may sow both. Men will listen to her, and be charmed by the music of her voice, when they would turn away from one of themselves.

Equally may she write for the race. For a Woman to be the Editor of a weekly or monthly journal, is statedly to address a multitude, and thus to fill a post of most extensive influence. Not much less wide is her sphere, who regularly contributes to these weekly and monthly issues. Let Woman grasp her pen, and write for the press. She yet will do it, as much as Man. And then there are books waiting her authorship; as many, and imperishable, as she can produce. In them, she will hand herself down immortal!

And there are other works to make her immortal, and which beckon her to make herself so; works, not written, but acted: illustrious deeds; great lives, in Literature, Philosophy, Poetry, Art, Philanthropy—like those of Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Fry, Miss Dix, Mrs. Hemans, Harriet Martineau, and Margaret Fuller. Not low pursuits, but highest callings, belong to Woman—to be an angel of mercy, to lead on the march of intellect to change the current of the world's history, to stamp the destiny of the race through all time—to make these her trades! The goal of a boundless ambition!

And there is for her a greater immortality, and a higher trade, than even any of these—to be a mother. To give existence to one greater than herself, and then than her own great life! To bear a child before whom the mother shall not stand even though *she* aims to rule the world! This is the culmination of ambition!

Woman should become a printer. In offices well lighted and ventilated, (and *men* ought not to perish in the dingy, suffocating cells now occupied,) let her learn to set up her own thoughts, to send forth on their mission of influence. When will she make the Press emphatically her own?

Woman is particularly adapted to be a salesman—to stand behind the counter. It is pre-eminently, and almost exclusively her post. No man can measure instinct with her, in judging of goods, styles, material, &c.; nor commending wares to a ready sale. And yet she is supplanted by some overgrown specimen of the genus *homo*, standing six feet three in his stockings, and requiring to be in the field splitting rails, who heroically condemns himself to the indescribable labor of selling ribbons and garters, and meanwhile, "wonders what all this talk about Woman's Rights is for," and "fears if an end is not put to it, Woman will soon be getting out of her sphere!" And she is supplanted by some other male, in keeping the books of the establishment, quite as much as by that one, in standing behind the counter. Woman should even turn true merchant, and keep her own storehouse in those cases in which a number of female farmers

have co-operated, to grow a large quantity of produce. Or, let her invest capital, and herself start a store, at any rate; it is as legitimate business for her, as for Man.

Woman is fitted to be a clerk. In whatever office or establishment one is needed, she can perform the duty as well as anybody. There is no reason why she should not be clerk on steamboats, and in public houses, except the rowdyism, vulgarity, and drunkenness of men; nor why she should not be clerk of the town, and of the Courts; nor why she should not be Recorder and Treasurer of the County; nor why she should not be teller and cashier of the Banks, and control them—furnishing stockholders, directors, presidents, and all—and if she should, public opinion would uphold her bank; for public opinion always goes where the money goes. There is no reason why she should not conduct railway trains; and men will grow so human, that she will do that. So will she yet be commander, even of the largest steamships plying between America and Europe; of the mightiest leviathans they can build for Australia; and of sail vessels going forth to whiten all waters. Woman can walk a deck, and be a thorough seaman, and reckon by stars and chart and compass, and bid her sailors what and how to execute, as well as Man—the Ocean is as much her home! And she can be an astronomer, a mathematician, a surveyor, an architect, a geologist, a botanist, and an electrician, as well as he—aye, and she *will* yet wait on the wires, which shall send the lightnings round the world!

There is every reason why Woman should be a painter, an engraver, and an artist generally. Her delicate tastes fit her to excel. Landscape and portrait-painting, daguerreotyping, ambrotyping, and all species of photographing, together with modeling in wax or plaster, and sculpturing in marble, are but natural methods of giving expression to her passion for beauty, and her longing to reproduce it. She is the renderer of her own ideal—the minister of the beautiful!

She is better adapted to jewelery, and clock and watch making and repairing, than Man. So she is to the manufacture of all fine and delicate articles, such as pins, needles, hooks and eyes, buttons, China ware, gold and silver plate, money, bank-bills, and mathematical and musical instruments. Woman would surpass Man in the mint, stamping and beautifying coin. So she would materially excel him, in making fine paper, envelopes, cards, and her own boots and shoes; leaving to Man the heavier labor of making his. And all things that she herself particularly needs to use—at cabinet ware, table furniture, and house utensils generally—she might well manufacture; for she would make and finish them more beautifully, coining them out of the superior beauty of her own brain. She would to-day, design a more convenient and elegant house than Man. And these are all reasons why Woman with capital, should start factories, and shops, to manufacture numbers of these kinds of articles, and do various of these sorts of work; and to give needed employment to thousands of her sex.

And at last, this is no commencement to mention, the trades and labors which will open to Woman, when she shall have put herself on the road to destiny! Everything will be hers; nothing will be kept back. Not then as now; but then, truly, she will say,

"No pent up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours."

And to Man she would say, "I am off every whither to my work; see thou keep up with me in the race. Now be thou equal in thy own vocations! Lag not behind, or bear the shame!"

Twin Mountain, Kansas. JOSEPH TREAT.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN: I have often thought I would like to compare notes with you on the great question of the age—Marriage versus Freedom.

Something of your opinion, I infer from a few comments upon an article in your paper of Jan. 15, in relation to a father's jurisdiction over his child, and the "absolute power of the husband."

The remark that if unmarried women would defer to marry, till the laws were so changed, that they would be the equal of the husband in all respects, there would be a great change in two years."

Would woman take this position, much might be hoped for from it,—but she will not do it as a mass, at least.

Woman has too long yielded an unquestioning obedience to the time-honored institutions of man, by which she finds herself surrounded, to have the courage or the will to assume her true position, as a *human being*, endowed with all the attributes of Father God equally with her brother man.

Very few *dare* claim self-ownership—a right to their own person, children and property—and for those who do—there is no "legal recognition." To meet this God-given right, is to be denounced as recreant to all virtue, purity and honor!

The evils of our present marriage system so keenly felt by many, pre-supposes the fact of a remedy. And the question is—what it is and how we can the most speedily and effectually avail ourselves of it?

"Agitation" is good so far as it goes. "Petitioning"—for a penal code.

Acknowledging the perfect equality of the sexes promises nothing for the present, and little, if anything, for the future.

Where would have been the boasted freedom (?) of our own land, had our forefathers contented themselves with merely "petitioning" Parliament for a redress of their wrongs? Had they done so, we, their children, would to-day, still be "subjects" of the British Crown!

"They who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!" So it is with woman. If she will be free, it is her own act alone that must render her so. Let her assume her rights and stand forth in the dignity of her woman-hood—in the divinity of her nature—self-poised—in the integrity to the truth within her—an individual sovereign capable of thinking, acting, living for herself—for her own highest good—consequently for the greatest good of others.

Would those who feel the need of a better, truer life, take this ground, which seems to me the only one meeting our needs, and act in concert, firm of purpose, strong of will, we should soon have a phalanx, before which Theological creeds and Institutions, and the unjust oppressive laws, which now govern us, would speedily vanish, and for once "Right would make might!" And very soon would the statutes of our land, recognize the individuality of woman equally with that of man, in all matters of personal liberty and rights. And her children, the result of her union, with the *one* chosen of her soul, be acknowledged the only *truly* "legitimate."

What we all want is Freedom, Truth, Purity; the enfranchisement and elevation of woman, and the consequent generation of children, with sound bodies and a high moral, intellectual and spiritual development. And herein lies the hope of humanity for coming ages.

If you, my sister, see a better way for accomplishing this great purpose, will you tell me what it is?

It is needless to expatiate on existing wrongs and evils, while we fold our hands in idleness: and I believe it is only by striking at the root of

the evils, and refusing allegiance to unjust laws, that a radical change can be effected.

The obloquy and reproach which pioneers in their cause must bear, will deter many; few are strong enough to pay this great price for freedom!

C.

The Dead Past and the Living Present.

DEAR AGITATOR: What say you? Are our thoughts, our feelings, our plans, words and acts, more controlled by the *Dead Past* or by the *Living Present*? Who most directly and potentially influence our character and destiny, in all our coming future—some man of the past—or the men, women and children who *live and move* around us? Who are our most influential teachers—the wise and earnest Reformers of the *Past*, or the living breathing, visible, tangible Reformers of the *Present*?

THE LIVING PRESENT, as a means of Salvation to the soul and body, is far more potent than the DEAD PAST. The *Wife*, (I speak of a true relation,) has more to do in forming the character and shaping the destiny of the Husband, than Christ has. She is to him a *Savior* in a higher, and a more potent sense than Christ is. So of the Husband in his relation to the wife.

The child is more dependent on the Mother and Father for happiness in and out of the body, than on Christ. So of brothers and sisters. Imperfect as the relations may be, they have far more to do with our character and destiny, than Christ, or all the Reformers and Messiahs of the Past.

This I think, is capable of demonstration as clearly as any moral or social problem can be.—Every true Husband and Wife, think, feel, speak and act, a thousand times more with reference to each other than to Christ. Every Husband and Wife *feels and knows* this to be true. So every parent in all he thinks, feels, says and does, has more reference to his or her children than Christ.

Why, then, do the pulpit, and the press, the Church and Priesthood, and the *State*, even, ever point the world to a man who died two thousand years ago for Salvation? Why not point to our relation to the living? Whatever the spirit and teachings of Jesus, they must be embodied in *living* men and women before they can be made efficient to our good. Why then point the world to Calvary for salvation? Why not point to *Marriage* and to *Parentage*? To the living not to the dead! The Husband and Wife—the Parent and Child—are ever present, Christ and Calvary, as a person and an event, belong to the *Dead Past*. The Husband and Wife to the *Living Present*. Why do not Ministers and Lecturers teach men and women how to enter into true relations, and how to make them—the true natural Saviors? Can you tell?

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Nothing in the way of childlike affection can surpass this story; a boy of four summers was unusually fond of his mother. One day she had been absent several hours, and when she returned, he ran to meet her with great glee, shouting, "Dear mother, I am so glad to see you. I've been cooking kisses for you." "Why, Willie," said the mother, what a singular idea that is—cooking kisses! how do you do that?" "O mother," he at once answered, "I make a little fire in my heart, where I cook my kisses, and keep them nice and warm for you, when you come." And then the happy little fellow gave forth these tokens of his true affection.

IF in Sparta a young man purchased an estate upon advantageous terms, or made what is termed "a good bargain," he was rendered accountable to the state, and fined for being unjust in buying a thing under its value. Our practice is the reverse; the young man who can make the best bargain is the *smartest*.

THE AGITATOR.

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Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor.

Mrs. FRANCES O. HYZER, Corresponding Editor.

OFFICE ON SUPERIOR ST., A FEW DOORS EAST OF PUBLIC SQUARE.

CLEVELAND, O., APRIL 15, 1859.

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Those who receive a specimen copy of the AGITATOR, may understand that they have been invited to subscribe for it and obtain subscribers.

SINGLE COPIES of the AGITATOR, will be sent by mail for five cents.

TWO PICTURES.

The funeral of Philip Barton Key took place from the late residence, nearly opposite Col. Benton's house. In the parlor the corpse, which had been placed in the coffin, was exposed to the view of the numerous friends who desired to behold in death him whom they had loved in life. The coffin was of mahogany, covered with black cloth, and heavily silver mounted. In it lay the body in full dress, viz: black cloth coat and pants, white vest and white kid gloves. In the hands was placed a bouquet of fragrant flowers, and inside the coffin were strewn japonicas, geranium leaves, and other exotics. On the coffin lid was a silver plate, bearing the following inscription:

PHIL. BARTON KEY.

DIED FEBRUARY 27, 1859,

Aged thirty-Nine Years.

The features of the deceased wore so life-like an expression as to make it difficult for the spectator to realize that that once noble form lay in the stillness of death.

At one o'clock P. M., the members of the bar and officers of the court met at the City Hall and proceeded in a body to the house of the deceased, where the last rites were soon to be pronounced over the inanimate form of their friend and companion. At two o'clock P. M., a large crowd of people had assembled in the street, in front of Mr. Key's house. The doors were thrown open for the admission of such as could obtain places inside, and shortly afterward the funeral services of the Episcopal Church for the dead, was read over the remains by the Rev. Drs. Pickney and Butler. The coffin was then placed in the hearse, and, followed by a large concourse of people, was conveyed to the railroad depot, for transmission to Baltimore, accompanied by the pall-bearers and other intimate friends of the deceased. The pall-bearers were James M. Carlisle, Charles Lee Jones, Richard Wallach, Jos. H. Bradley, Sen., P. R. Feudall, W. D. Davidge, A. B. Upsher and Richard H. Weightman. The body was taken to the cars to go by the three o'clock train to Baltimore.—*Washington Star.*

A young girl, an orphan—an outcast, died in Cincinnati recently. She died amid flames, and groans and was hurried to the Potter's Field without prayers or tears or pall-bearers. "Fragrant flowers and geranium leaves" were not strewn about her coffin to whisper of beauty, frailty and immortal bloom. She like Philip Barton Key was the wretched possessor of a soiled reputation; but she was a woman—that makes quite a difference in a Christian community.

No sinless women—no gentle Nazarinies gathered about the fair frail sleeper to weep over human weakness—the girl was a Magdalene—she had been decoyed from the path of virtue. Philip Barton Key was a gentlemanly libertine, a seducer—an honorable man—as the world goes.

The ill-fated girl was tumbled into the earth, but not to rest unmolested. One of Society's thieves—the one, it may be, who had despoiled the dead

of all that makes life dear—exhumed that fragment of humanity for the dissecting knife. But he was not permitted to bear away his prize; the dead bones were taken from the robber and given back to the girl's companions in crime. They were human-hearted and wanted their dead sister decently buried. They loved the sweet voice of song and of prayer. They loved—as all souls love—the pitying tear, the friendly hand and words of mourning and sympathy, and so they asked these—all these—in the request they made of the Christian ministers of Cincinnati to attend the funeral of the fallen one. These consecrated men one by one made excuse; they hushed the pleading voice within—the dead was a woman upon whom society had set the seal of infamy.

As this band of Magdalens were despairing of prayers from the clergymen, one, who by mistake had been passed by—Rev. G. T. Flanders, came forward, offered his church and his sympathy in a Nazarine style. For a moment the people were shocked, were amazed—such Christianity has been hardly known for the last eighteen hundred years. The girl at last was decently buried. Philip Barton Key was magnificently sepulchred. The beautiful woman—the deceived, betrayed, fallen girl—and the fashionable, respectable seducer have gone together to the Court of Heaven. How will they be received there? Will the angels imitate the example of the Christian clergymen of Cincinnati and the honorable gentlemen of Washington?

MRS. F. O. HYZER TO THE READERS OF THE AGITATOR.

SAINT LOUIS, MARCH 31, 1858.

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

My purpose of associating in effort for a truth-loving, soul-elevating agitation of thought with our dear sister and co-worker in the cause of true reform, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, has been already made known to you; and I trust that this union of our energies, our aspirations and inspirations may be prolific of good to us all.—With intense interest have I watched the Agitator, since like a tiny life-boat she first broke from the enslavement of conservatism and bounded onward over the fathomless sea of mind, while the beautiful pearl-tinted banner of Truth, as it floated upon the breeze, threw up to the sun-light of the age the soul thrilling sentiment, "Liberty for Woman!" for in that sentiment could I see the prophecy of Liberty for our brother man, as well, since the investigation of soul science has proven to us, that woman cannot rise and man not be elevated.—Therefore, with anxious eyes have I seen this little fearless reform craft, plunging amid the breakers of superstition, bigotry, intolerance and their kindred train of tyrants. But with a triumphant soul have I seen her rise in her unconquerable beauty and bound onward with her freight of golden thoughts upon the throbbing ocean of human mentality.

She has ever had my sympathy, my blessing; and now that the waves of destiny have wafted me to her side, henceforth, in all true and noble effort, she shall have my humble, but earnest and more immediate co-operative labor.

To the most, if not to all the readers of the Agitator, I may be known as one of the volunteers for the service of modern revolution; and so long as I exist I trust that I shall be found practically engaged in unriveting the shackles of every victim of oppression, and seeking to unbind the enslaver, as well as the enslaved, by driving, even at the risk of being nearly stunned by the persecuting cry "conservative," in one ear, and "free love" in the other, to call man my brother from that position on the pathway of progression from whence I can see a surer and nearer pathway, to the empire

of soul, to which we all have equal rights, than that which winds through Legislative halls or ballot boxes; that empire which contains the exhaustless treasury of Deity, and for the want of access to which, our brother is starving as well as ourselves; and, on the soil of which alone can be reared the rich fruits and flowers of Paradise; by the dancing streams, gushing fountains, emerald vales, flowery slopes and fragrant bowers of which alone can be built the immortal city of celestial love.

Through this pathway can I see the bright glory-clad, with gem-flashing lyres floating through an atmosphere of fragrance into the deep, and to him, yet undiscovered chambers of his soul, and baptizing his whole nature in the rolling grandeur of that soul-thrilling passion—conquering anthem, which throwing its Deific billows into the higher and finer pulses of his being, brings him so closely in rapport with the great heart of the Infinite Liberator, that he cannot fail to catch the vital immaculate significance of the Rights of Woman, at the same moment in which he has caught too high a view of the divinity of Liberty, ever again to wear the chains, or fetter them in thought or deed upon his sisters.

Woman's purity of soul must conquer her fear, her vanity, her dependence upon aught but high, holy, unconquerable principles; then in this channel to man's higher nature, can she stand the media-torial priestess between his noblest aspirations and the fathomless fountains of Love's immortal splendor and glory and in the light—the hallowed light reflected upon him from her radiant crown of purity, intellectuality and love, will he see his past misconceptions of his relationship to her, and in the true nobleness and greatness of his unfolded manhood, will he see and acknowledge to God, or the Deity of his own soul, that—

"She is one half of the great human heart;
We are the other half—We ne'er can part
While she exists who of the twain made one,
When first the pulses of his life begun.
This may be called the fancy of a poet brain,
A dreamy vision, or a love-sick strain;
That it will do to talk of in sweet moon-lit bowers,
But all too dreamy for a world like ours;
But where the soul hath felt e'en one true throb
From the great central, poet-heart of God,
'Twill find that poetry hath magnet power,
To draw the whole great race into the angel bower.
It is not weak!—we only write it wrong,
Trace it in books or breathe it in a song;
But when we come to write it in our lives,
There'll be more happy husbands—happy wives.
'Twill bear our brethren above the laws of force,
And us above a supplication for divorce."

But I must close my message to you all, until from the conflicts and commotions on the sea of my public life, I can again find time to address you. I am now in a new home, but amid warm and loving hearts, on the banks of that great artery in the physical structure of the planet, called the Mississippi, where I am to remain until the 25th of April, when I shall return to Buffalo, in which city I shall lecture on the two first Sundays in May—thence proceeding to Philadelphia, shall speak there on the three succeeding Sabbaths, and then will to my dearly beloved and waiting treasures among the hills of dear old Vermont.

Until you hear from me again, believe me struggling for the elevation of all whom I can serve.

Yours truly,

FRANCES O. HYZER.

S. J. FINNEY.—May the 1st we intend to commence the publication of Mr. Finney's lectures upon the Bible. As no part of these lectures have appeared in print, it is presumed they will be new and highly interesting to the readers of the Agitator. They will appear in twelve successive numbers of the Agitator. Those who want the papers containing these lectures, can have them for 25 cts. Send in the names as early as possible, so we may determine upon the number to be printed.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

When the next No. of the Agitator reaches you, we shall be some hundreds of miles nearer the sunrise. If the Fates favor us, we will shake hands with a score or two of old friends who live in the great shadow of Old Mount Kearsage in N. H.

We have commended the Agitator to the tender mercies of one who is competent to discharge the duties it may bring. She will be found at the office ready and happy to sell books and receive subscriptions for the paper.

Our co-worker, Frances O. Hyzer, and your humble friend will send you leaves fresh from the mountains.

She may steal the song of the woodland birds to send, but we never think of doing such wicked things.

WHAT WILL THE TRADUCERS OF SPIRITUALISM DO?

In the last month there have been more suicides, homicides, runaways and ministerial misdemeanors than in any previous four weeks since the chronicling of crimes began; and strange as it may seem, not a soul of the great army that have crowded the courts can be coaxed to call himself "Spiritualist." A woman in Cincinnati rushed from a jealous husband (like any sensible woman) to the grave. She was pious—so was her infuriated lord. A man in this city inhumanly murdered his unlawful child. He was a "respectable church member." Mrs. Sickles, Mr. Key and the "dishonored husband" all ignore Spiritualism. What will the pious editors say to this?

New Books For Sale at the Agitator Office.

"The Apocryphal New Testament" is a work consisting of the books thrown out of the present New Testament, at the time it was given to the world as the word of God. It gives all the details of the life of Jesus "from his youth up," of which so little is said in the books containing his history. It is founded on good authority, or the same as the present "New Testament," but has for many years been almost entirely out of print. It is quite interesting and written in the quaint manner and language of the olden time. This edition was published in 1832, by an infidel at his own expense; but afterwards becoming converted, he refused to sell or give them away, and they have lain till the present time. It is really a valuable work.

Having lain so long they have become somewhat soiled, and in consequence will be sold much cheaper.

For sale at this office. Price bound in muslin, 25 cts; in calf 30 cts; postage 10 cts.

THE REFORMER'S HOME

Is now fitted up at 109 Lake St. Cleveland, for the accommodation of Spiritualists and friends of progress generally.

Such a home is needed in Cleveland and elsewhere. For further particulars address Cridge, Walker and Co., Vanguard office, Cleveland, Ohio.

Our faithful clerk "L" has gone to New Orleans with a diploma from the Western Homeopathy College. The sick will never fall into better hands. We have the promise of sketches of Southern life from her magic pen.

MISS LIBBIE HIGGINS gave a concert in this city a few evenings since, assisted by her class of juveniles. The young people had taken but ten lessons, yet they sang and whistled with the grace of master musicians. Great credit is due the pupils and teacher for the rare treat the public enjoyed in the concert.

A PAMPHLET.

We have frequent calls for the papers containing our views of marriage. In looking over the articles we are dissatisfied with their desultory character. Many points and some important facts have, for want of room, been omitted. We have concluded to revise, rewrite, add and extract and then publish a pamphlet entitled, "The True and False Marriage, the Cause and Consequences."

The cost of publishing will be \$50. It will therefore be needful to sell them. Those who may feel disposed to aid us in exposing shams and in raising humanity to a plane above Washington Tragedies and "Matrimonial Brokerage," will do us a favor by sending orders and cash. It is ready for sale.

Price single copy, postage paid, 10 cts; 12 for \$1.00; 30 for \$2.00; 50 for \$3.00; 100 for \$5.00. All orders should be sent to the Agitator office, Cleveland, Ohio.

CONSISTENCY.

A Southern reform Journal advertises negroes for sale; a Northern paper of the same character advertises a woman who has "left her husband's bed and board." We hope the fugitive from matrimony will furnish herself with a bed and board, and not be dependent upon a man for such important items.

A bachelor who assures us that he is "rich," "handsome" and a "genuine (?) reformer," wishes us to "select him a wife." "Wife!" What a misnomer!

NOTICES.

JAMES COOPER, M. D., will speak in Akron on Sunday, May 15; Copy the 17th and 18th. Persons wishing to secure his services can address him, Bellfontaine, Ohio.

Dr. Cooper will receive subscriptions for the Agitator.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in the Agitator. Terms: five cents a line for the first insertion, and 2 cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Wm. Denton is writing a series of geological articles for the "Gem" which are to be illustrated.

Anne Denton Cridge is doing a good work for the children; but she is not well sustained in her undertaking. Let the children take the matter in hand and see that their cause is not without an organ.

The Gem is but 12 cts. per year.

DISCUSSION.—O. L. Sutliff and Rev. A. Burns, an Elder in the Disciple church, will hold a public discussion in Chanadon, Richland Co. O., commencing April 26.

First question: Were the miracles wrought by Jesus superior to modern spiritual manifestations?

Second: Is there anything superhuman in the spiritual manifestations recorded in the Old and New Testament?

—Wm. Hume is lecturing in Adrian, Mich.

—Mr. Sutliff has left Mansfield where his audiences this winter have been quite numerous. He will be traveling for some months. Address Ravenna.

A. B. French has Mr. Tuttle's Panorama which he is exhibiting at different places, and lecturing evenings on geology. He speaks Sundays as usual on the Harmonial Philosophy. He will be at Clyde, Sandusky Co. about the 20th of April where it is expected he will remain some time. *

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

The Principle for two years bound in one volume, \$1.00; one year bound, 50 cts.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown will speak in the Universalist church at Monroe Center, on Thursday eve, the 20th inst. Subject, "Women of the Nineteenth Century."

H. F. M. BROWN will speak in Buffalo, Saturday, April 24th; in Rochester, N. Y. May 1st; in Syracuse May 8th; in Utica May 15th; in Boston, Mass. May 29th. She may be addressed, Rochester, care of Mrs. S. A. Burtis. At Salina (instead of Syracuse) care of Mrs. John Hutchinson; at Utica care of Dr. Caroline Brown; Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

Warren Chase lectures in Milan, April 19th and 20th; Cleveland, April 24th; Chagrin Falls, April 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th, and May 1st; Adrian, Mich., May 15th; Battle Creek, Mich., May 22d; Harmonia, Mich., 26th and 27th; Kalamazoo, Mich., May 29th; Grand Rapids, June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th; Grand Haven, June 9th and 10th.

Mr. E. Hale who has been long engaged as an ardent advocate of the principles and requirements of *Practical Liberty*, would inform his friends who stand with him on the Liberal Platform, that he has removed to Cleveland, and stands ready to comply with calls to lecture in defense of the Liberal Movement, or on grand practical reformatory subjects. We do most ardently love True Liberty, and rejoice to know that there is one in the field whose great object it is to hold their elements up to the sectarian world. It is the first great step in true reform, and we doubt not that many will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing such practical lectures. God speed him on his heavenly mission! **

DR. WM. HUSSEY.—A correspondent in Valparaiso, Ind., writes that Dr. Hussey of New York, is in that vicinity performing wonderful cures by the laying on of hands.

MRS. HANCE.—Books all sent. Did you get "A Kiss for a Blow?"

MRS. BONHAM.—Thanks for that bit of yellow coin. Gold is good in agitation.

—The edition of "Narcotic Stimulants" by Prof. Brainard is exhausted. He intends publishing a second edition.

Thanks to a good soul who sent us a note signed "V" to aid us in rocking the cradle (the Agitator) for the manger-born child—Agitation."

A few more such notes would encourage and strengthen the child to go forth and earn its own living.

Mrs. M. P. Haines.—We have Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" and will publish it in the next No. Will some one send us "The Song of the Shirt" by the same author? These poems are apropos to the times.

—Cora Wilburn is henceforth to be a regular contributor for the Agitator.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Oberlin Rescue case is at present being tried in Cleveland. Considerable excitement prevails.

—The trial of Dan. E. Sickles is taking place in Washington.—He plead "not guilty."

—Wm. H. Alcott died at his residence in Auburndale, near Boston, on Tuesday last. He was a successful author and physician, and was much respected for his pure and virtuous life.

—The news from Pike's Peak continues of a contradictory character. One report calls the whole excitement a device of speculators, while another says miners are making \$4 and \$10 per day.

—Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell is delivering a course of lectures in London, on the value of Hygiene and Medical knowledge to women.

THE TYPO'S TABLE.

THE LOW DRUNKARD.

He is dead, and they say he died in a drunken revel. Come and look on the cold, still face, and remember him only as the victim of temptation and weakness. Forget that his life was one of shame and riot, and that none can tell of the good deeds he has done; forget how he staggered in broad day, in all the madness and idiocy of his drunkenness—that even the name of God and mother had no sacredness to him. He was but mortal though made in the image of his Saviour. Look on the bloated, colorless lips: the hot wine will burn through them no longer—the words of wild delirium, half intelligible, will stammer through them no more. Don't turn away sick and in scorn—only the signet of manhood is now upon the brow. The fiery brain, the weak heart, the lost salvation have to defend themselves before another tribunal.

He was a low drunkard. No rich father to hush it up and make it respectable—no mother to warn and extenuate—no sister to plead and pray. No, there were none of these to cover from the world its loathsomeness—and his companions were like himself, the low and lost. None felt prompted to lift and redeem the common drunkard—the alternate property of the gutter and the grocery. And so in his sin and sickening corruption, he was sent white and powerless into an eternity, whose meaning and mystery had swayed no action of life.

HOW TO BE VALUED.

Girls listen to some advice—you *need* it badly enough—there's not a question of that.

Don't give your beaux a chance to feel *sure* of you. It's bad for them, and it's worse for you. There are exceptions, to be sure; there *are* men who may be safely trusted with the knowledge that they are all in all to the heart of the woman they are wooing; but such ones *are deplorably few*. The ardor of most men lasts only so long as lasts their uncertainty. Keep them off, and they'll grow more and more devoted—bring them near, and they'll cool off as fast as a flat iron in the snow. Let them think you care little for them or their love, and they will try hard to become more worthy of your regard. Not flirt; not strive to wound their feelings—we don't mean that—humanity forbid! but don't make yourself *cheap*; just keep your own counsel: and the more hopelessly in love you are, the more do you guard that knowledge from your lover. Keep it down, and in, all that you possibly can, till the magic words are said that make you one; then take off the bands, but do it gradually—"grow upon him;" show him by degrees the strength of the passion he has awakened in your soul.—*Selected*.

PRIZE ESSAY ON SLEEP.—Women need more sleep than men. Editors, reporters and printers need no sleep at all. Lawyers need a good deal of sleep to keep them out of mischief.

"No doubt there is room enough in the world for men and women, but it may be a serious question whether the latter are not taking up more than their share of it, just now."

Original ideas on a new subject.

Man may err and be forgiven, but a poor woman, with all her temptation, and without his strength, is placed beyond the hope of earthly salvation, if she be but once tempted into crime.

"Circumstances alter cases" as the printer said when he found the one he had left full, empty.

The following lines are from the New York Saturday Press. Who will read them and not sigh for the girl "on the town?"

Who will read the poem and not pray and work to lift the poor fallen woman from "the town?"—Ed.

ON THE TOWN.

The lamps are lighted, the streets are full,
For, coming and going like waves of the sea,
Thousands are out this beautiful night;
They jostle each other, but shrink from me;
Men hurry by with a stealthy glance,
Women pass with their eyes cast down;
Even the children seem to know
The shameless girl of the town!

Hated and shunned I walk the street,
Hunting—for what? For my prey 'tis said;
I look at it though in a different light,
For this nightly shame is my daily bread!
My food, my shelter, the clothes I wear!
Only for this I might starve, or drown,
The world has disowned me, what can I do,
But live and die on the town?

This world is cruel. It may be right
To crush the harlot, but grant it so,
What made her the guilty thing she is?
For she was innocent once, you know;
'Twas love! that terrible word tells all!
She loved a man and blindly believed
His vows, his kisses, his crocodile tears;
Of course the fool was deceived!

What had I to gain by a moment's sin,
To weigh in the scale with my innocent years,
My womanly shame, my ruined name,
My father's curses, my mother's tears?
The love of man! It was something to give,
Was it worth it? The price was a soul paid down;
Did I get a soul his soul in exchange?
Behold me here on the town!

"Your guilt was heavy," the world will say,
"And heavy, heavy your doom must be;
For to pity and pardon woman's fall,
Is to set no value on chastity!
You undervalue the virgin's crown,
The spotless honor that makes her dear."
But I ought to know what the bauble is worth,
When the loss of it brings me here!

But pity and pardon? Who are you
To talk of pardon, pity to me?
What I ask is justice, justice, sir!
Let both be punished, or both go free.
If it be in woman a shameful thing,
What is it in man, now? Come, be just:
(Remember, she falls through her love for him,
He, through his selfish lust!)

Tell me, what is done to the wretch
Who tempts, and riots in woman's fall?
His father curses, and casts him off?
His friends forsake? He is scorned by all?
Not he, his judges are men like himself,
Or thoughtless women, who humor their whim;
"Young blood,"—"Wild oats,"—"Better hush it up!"
They soon forget it in him!

Even his mother, who ought to know
The woman-nature, and how it is won,
Frames a thousand excuses for him,
Because, forsooth, the man is her son!
You have daughters, Madam, (he told me so,)
Fair innocent daughters—"Woman, what then?"
Some mother may have a son like yours,
Bid them beware of men!

I saw his coach in the street to-day,
Dashing along on the sunny side,
With a liveried driver on the box;
Lolling back in her listless pride,
The wife of his bosom took the air:
She was bought in the mart where hearts are sold:
I gave myself away for his love,
She sold herself for his gold!

He lives, they say, in a princely way,
Flattered and feasted. One dark night
Some devil led me to pass his house:
I saw the windows a blaze of light;
The music whirled in a maddening round,
I heard the fall of the dancer's feet:
Bitter, bitter the thoughts I had
Standing there in the street!

Back to my gaudy den I went,
Marched to my room in grim despair,
Dried my eyes, painted my cheeks,
And fixed a flower or two in my hair!
Corks were popping, wine was flowing,
I seized a bumper, and tossed it down:
One must do something to kill the time,
And fit one's self for the town!

I meet his boy in the park sometimes,
And my heart runs over towards the child:
A frank little fellow with fearless eyes,
He smiles at me as his father smiled!
I hate the man, but I love the boy,
For I think what my own, had he lived, would be:
Perhaps it is *he*, come back from the dead—
To his father, alas! not me!

But I stand too long in the shadow here,
Let me out in the light again.
Now for insult, blows, perhaps,
And, bitterer still, my own disdain!
I take my place in the crowd of men,
Not like the simple women I see:
You may cheat them, men, as much as you please,
You wear no masks with me!

I know ye! Under your honeyed words
There lurks a serpent: your oaths are lies;
There's a lustful fire in your hungry hearts,
I see it flaming up from your eyes!
Cling to them, ladies, and shrink from me,
Or rail at my boldness—Well, have you done?
Madam, your husband knows me well;
Mother, I know your son!

But go your ways, and I'll go mine:
Call me opprobrious names, if you will:
The truth is bitter, think I have lied:
"A harlot?" Yes! But a woman still!
God said of old to a woman like me,
"Go; sin no more," or your Bibles lie:
But you, you mangle His merciful words
To—"Go and sin till you die!"

Die! the word has a pleasant sound,
The sweetest I've heard this many a year:
It seems to promise an end to pain,
Anyway it will end it—here!
Suppose I throw myself in the street?
Before the horses could trample me down,
Some would-be friend might snatch me up,
And thrust me back on the town!

But look, the river! From where I stand
I see it, I almost hear it flow;
Down on the dark and lonely pier—
It is but a step—I can end my wo!
A plunge, a splash, and all will be o'er
The death-black waters will drag me down;
God knows where! But no matter where,
So I am off the town!

PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER TEN.

The subject of Spiritualism, that is to say the fact of spiritual existence, we have already shown in our previous communications, as also the fact of the spirit retaining its individuality and intelligence, independent of the physical body, and we claim that the knowledge of this fact is to be obtained by experiment, and is not therefore a matter of faith, depending on the verbal testimony of any individual, whether in or out of the body. We come now to matters, in which the credulity is to play the most prominent part, and in which reason and judgment are to be exercised, or blind faith is to tyrannize over the mind without control.

The question, then, which we are about to discuss, will be, which of these; reason or credulity, shall be allowed to rule?

We do not deny that a person may believe in the result of a chemical or mechanical experiment, who has never taken the trouble to make the experiment, and that, too, on the testimony of others. But for such a person to insist on the truth of this testimony, or persist in clinging the result of the experiment, while he refused to make the experiment himself or permit any one else to do it, would argue a condition of mind bordering on insanity or imbecility; unless he could show the experiment had resulted in injury to those who had previously made it. The explosion of gun powder is a chemical experiment, against which a parent may reasonably exercise his authority over his child, because of the injurious results which have heretofore occurred through the ignorance of the persons making the experiment. But this prohibition could only be predicated on the ignorance of the child, and the manner of performing the experiment, and not on the experiment itself, as the explosion of gunpowder may be performed with perfect safety, provided the surrounding conditions are carefully observed. So it is with Spiritualism. Injury has arisen to some, through their ignorance, and neglect to inform themselves as to the character of the spirit communicating, and much more frequently from this cause, than from the nature of the experiments used to ascertain the fact of spirit communication. But whether injury has occurred to

those who were engaged in making the experiments or to those who were not, it has always arisen through ignorance and not as a necessary result of the experiment. In most instances the injury has not arisen from the means used to obtain spiritual communications, but from the use made of the communications when obtained; usually from the blind credulity of the receivers, who place implicit faith in whatever claims to be spiritual communication, without any regard to its ridiculous opposition to reason or common sense. This arises from the following causes.

First: Ignorance of the character of the spirit from whom the communication is received.

Second: Ignorance of the laws which govern the spiritual and physical world.

Third: Neglect to inquire into the character of the spirit communicating, and of the medium through which the communication is made.

Fourth: An awful dread which prevents all inquiry into the truth or falsehood of spiritual communication, for fear of giving offence to the spirit communicating.

The history of spiritual communication, commences in the tradition of the earliest ages, and has continued down to the present moment. There is not a race that has not, or does not claim to have held communication with spirits through the medium of some of its individuals, called prophets or seers. Nor is there a race that does not claim to be able to present good and valid testimony of the fact. And not only do they claim to be able to present that testimony, but they have done it so as to bring conviction to the mind, and compel belief in thousands of the most acute judgment, of the truth of their assertions. The only instances in which they have failed is in assuming a false character, for the spirit, and this not from any dishonest motive originally, but simply from misrepresentation.

The minds of men, seem to be without an exception, intuitively impressed with the idea of the existence of an Infinite intelligence. No individual of any family tribe or race, but feels the truth of this proposition. Nor is there any individual however talented who can offer any evidence of the fact aside from the conviction of his own mind. It is from this intuitive perception of the Infinite joined with the evidence of spiritual manifestations that has led man to the conclusion that the spirits with whom they held communion were no other than the Infinite Himself. And as it could not be supposed that the Infinite Being would speak falsehood, either wilfully or by mistake, it was universally admitted that to prove a communication was from a spirit, was conclusive evidence of its truth.

The great respect which is due to the character of such a Being of course precludes all inquiry into the truth of His communication.

But in spite of all this it could not be concealed that some of the communications which claimed to be from this Infinite Being, were false and contradictory, and such as could not come from the Being above alluded to. The result of this was to create distrust in the veracity of the prophets; and the prophets to shield themselves from the popular vengeance, and knowing, perhaps, the fact of their own inspiration, natural enough supposed there must be two Infinites, one speaking truth and the other falsehood, and this doctrine they labored, and with success, to inculcate in the minds of the people.

To believe whatever the first of these might say was a meritorious act, entitling the believer to infinite rewards, and to believe the other was equally meritorious, subjugating the believer to infinite punishment. It came also to be understood that to disbelieve the one was equally as dangerous as to believe the other, and as there were no means by

which the common people could certainly know which of these spirits were speaking, except through the medium of specially endowed individuals, the only safe course was to avoid all intercourse with either spirit except through the medium of these priests or prophets. From this cause has arisen the idea still prevalent in the minds of many, that it is a sin to hold any intercourse with any spirit save the Infinite Deity himself, through the medium of one of his especial messengers.

We have before stated that the simple fact of the existence of the Infinite Deity, is felt by all, and that no evidence can be brought to prove that fact, because all the evidence that can be brought to prove the existence of an Infinite, must be infinite evidence, and as no finite can comprehend the evidence.

But there can be but one Infinite in existence, consequently the only infinite evidence which can exist, is the attributes of the Infinite Himself, and this evidence we have producing the intuitive mental existence. But the character of the Infinite consisting in his action on the finite, may be known by an estimate of the finite; for all that which is not finite is infinite. As we have said all that it is necessary to say in regard to the Infinite, in preceding numbers, we will only state a few propositions, and then pass to the consideration of our second cause of error.

First: The Infinite is Omnipresent, Omniscient and Omnipotent.

Second: All finites are equal to each other in their infinite relations.

This last proposition is susceptible of demonstration: If the greatest finite intellect should progress for a million of years, it would be no nearer infinite than when it began. If the least finite intelligence should progress for the same length of time, it would be just as near infinite as the other, and no nearer than when it began.—Things equal to the same thing, are equal to each other. The two intelligences are equal in their infinite relations. It follows that good and evil cannot exist in the perception of the Infinite, as a distinguishing quality between two finites.

We will pass to the consideration of the second cause of error, in our next.

Chagrin Falls, Feb. 21st, 1859.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

COVINGTON, MARCH 1, 1859.

DEAR CHILDREN:—If Mrs. Brown should permit a corner of her excellent paper to be occupied with that which I am able to send you, and should it so turn out that the communication should prove sufficiently attractive to interest you, I propose to give a series of sketches of the country, life, and manners of a portion of the earth many hundred miles from Ohio.

I reside in the town of Covington, Louisiana, distant about thirty miles from New Orleans. On some accounts, perhaps, there is not a more remarkable or interesting part of the world than this vicinity, with a climate which permits us to supply our table with fresh vegetables every month in the year, as also to fill our parlor vases with fresh blooming roses, and in the months of February and March when frost and snow seal up the woodland beauties of the more northerly States, our forests are redolent with flowers and with bird music. There are shadows which fall darkly over the prospect of rapid advancement in mental and spiritual development. I believe it to be true, that the development of mind is every where commensurate with the capability of the soil to produce the necessities and the luxuries of life, providing there are no causes operating, which serve to extinguish the life of the soul. But be this as it may, throughout the piney woods country (in which our village is situated) the land is too poor to admit of extensive cultivation, and the native inhabitants too far behind the times to have caught the spirit of

the age which strengthens to overcome adverse circumstances. If it is true that the rich bottom lands of our State lying along the borders of the great Mississippi and many smaller streams, have failed to present their corresponding fertility of mind, we may reasonably attribute it to the dark shadows which reformers are striving gradually to remove. Those who like myself are emigrant residents within the compass of this shadow, perceive the necessity of the change being gradual, and that the work should be participated in, by those sitting within the shadow, lest the eyes should be made blind by the too sudden effulgence of brighter day. In future day I shall detail circumstances which I know to have occurred in our "sweet sunny South," which I think will interest you, and prove to those older than you, and wiser than myself, that good is being brought out by seeming evil.

A few days since my afternoon ramble led me among the waving pines, to the hut of the widow of Pa Cresor, a negro man, who has been "gathered to his fathers." He is said to have been the oldest man in the United States. A woman with whom I conversed upon this occasion, told me that he must have been upward of a hundred and fifty. She was herself aged, and said that when her grandmother was young, Pa Cresor was an old man. More than a hundred years ago, Pa Cresor was king of a tribe of negroes in his native land, (Africa.) His widow when a child was a slave given to him with his freedom, for some service rendered in the country; he afterwards married her. She now looks very aged, and seems only competent to croon in the chimney corner. He was confined to his bed for 25 years, yet retained his senses to the last. Peace to thy ashes, Pa Cresor, and development to thy soul.

Affectionately your friend,

FRANCES E. HYER.

A SMART BOY.

The editor of the Orleans *Republican* is the fortunate father of a fine specimen of boyhood. The child wants a "Rivingtie" and he ought to have one; but his father is trying to buy him off with the promise of a "hoop." Mr. Beach tells the following story:

We have a little five year old who has recently taken it into his wise noddle to go to school, and each evening he renders a glowing account of the day's experience. A class in Arithmetic, "Emerson's First Part," is his especial admiration, and he has besieged us for a "Rivingtie" and permission to join the class. This was promised him, when he was "was old enough to study it." A morning or two since, he broke up our "last nap," to claim a redemption of the promise, asserting that for two days he had borrowed a "rivingtie" and studied it just as nice. Now you ask me," said he "and see if I can't tell what it says."

"Well," said we, "what does it say?"

Straightening up the little fellow commenced:

"A butcher bought four pounds of sugar; how much did the baker buy?"

"A gunner shot four birds that were on a tree, the rest flew away; how many remained?"

"Two boys went to a shop to be weighed, how much did the oldest boy weigh?"

We gave it up. Mathematical genius like that ought to be rewarded, and we promised him the coveted "rivingtie"—or a new hoop. Fortunately, as we judge of such matters, he took the hoop.

AN ITEM FOR BOYS.—It is one of the besetting sins of the young men in this extravagant age, to endeavor to get rid of work, and seek for easy and lazy employment—and the consequence is, that many of them turn out worthless vagabonds. Boys, avoid this whirlpool as you would a plague spot; banish from you the dangerous desire to live without work. Labor is honorable, dignified, it is the parent of health, wealth and happiness; look upon it as an invaluable blessing, and never as a burden, a curse. Shun idleness and sloth; pursue some honest calling, and be not ashamed to be useful.

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